Lord, That's the leaſt feare,
For by the ſemblance of their white flags diſplaid, they bring us peace, and come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cleon. Thou ſpeak'ſt like hywmes, untuter'd to repeat,
Who makes the faireſt ſhew, meanes moſt deceit.
But bring they what they will, and what they can,
What neede we feare, the ground's the loweſt,
And we are halfe way there: Goe tell their Generall we attend him here to know for what he comes, and whence he comes, and what he craves.

Lord. I goe my Lord.

Cleon. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consiſt;
If warres we are unable to reſiſt.

Enter Pericles with attendants.

Per. Lord Governor, for ſo we heare you are,
Let not our ſhips and number of our men,
Be like a Beacon fired, to amaze your eyes,
We have heard your miſeries as farre as *Tyre*,
And ſeene the deſolation of your ſtreetes,
Nor come we to adde ſorrow to your teares,
But to releaſe them of their heavie load,
And theſe our ſhips, you happily may thinke,
Are like the Trojan horſe, was ſtuft within
With bloudy veines expecting overthrow,
Are ſtor'd with corne, to make your needy bread,
And give them life, whom hunger ſtarv'd halfe dead.

Omnes. The gods of Greece protect you,
And wee'l pray for you.

Per. Ariſe I pray you, ariſe; we doe not looke for reverence, but for love and harborage for our ſelfe, our ſhips, and men.

Cleon. The which when any ſhall not gratifie,
Or pay you with unthankefulneſſe in thought.
Be it our wives, our children, or our ſelves,
The curſe of heaven and men ſucceed their evils:
Till when, the which (I hope) ſhall nere be ſeene:
Your Grace is welcome to our Towne and us.

Per.

Per. Which welcome wee'l accept, feaſt here a while,
Vntill our Stars that frowne, lend us a ſmile. *Exeunt*

Enter Gower.

Gower. Here have you ſeene a mighty King,
His childe I wis to inceſt bring:
A better Prince and benigne Lord,
That will prove awfull both in deed and word.
Be quiet then as men ſhould be,
Till he hath paſt neceſſity:
Ile ſhew you thoſe in troubles raigne,
Loſing a myte, a Mountaine gaine:
The good in converſation,
To whom I give my benizon,
Is ſtill at Tharſus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he ſpoken can:
And to remember what he does,
Build his Statue to make him glorious:
But tidings to the contrary,
Are brought t'your eyes, what neede ſpeakē I.

Dumbe Shew.

Enter at one doore Pericles talking with Cleon, all the Traine with them: Enter at another doore, a Gentleman with a letter to Pericles; Pericles ſhewes the letter to Cleon, Pericles gives the Meſſenger a reward, and Knights him.

Exit Pericles at one doore, and Cleon at another.

Good *Hellican* that ſtaid at home,
Not to eate hony like a Drone,
From others labours; for though hē ſtrivē
To killen bad, keepe good alive:
And to fulfill his Princes deſire,
Sav'd one of all that haps in *Tyre*:
How *Thaliard* came full bent with ſinne,
And had intent to murder him;
And that in *Tharſis* was not beſt,
Longer for him to make his reſt: